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*Two Vespers.—Two Miserere.
Pygmalion, opera in one act.
Achille, opera in one act.*

I do not think—and I do not find in any of his biographies or in any theatre register—that these two last works have ever been represented. All that I can say upon this subject, is, that, after the death of Donizetti, the maestro Dolci gave up all that music to the composer's heirs. The lawyer Cicconnetti affirms that Joseph Donizetti took his share with him to Constantinople, and that the other portion, falling to Francesco, was bequeathed by him to Dolci, Francesco having only survived his uncle Gaetano six months.

Among the musical pages left by Donizetti at the time of his departure for Venice, pages which, however, were not amongst those confided to Dolci, we must mention five quatuors of the greatest beauty, and which have remained unknown during thirty-eight years.

Written for the Art Journal.

A PIECE OF MOSS FROM ALANDOR.

Dead withered scrap of Greenness, dropt
From the lost glory of a day—
I keep you when the light is dark—
The dew-drops dried, the verdure grey.

I keep you for the twilight star
That rose through trembling evening air—
A single spark alone in heaven,
When all the West was rosy-fair.

I keep you for the sake of suns
That set across that lonely hill—
Casting the shadows of the graves
While clover-shadows lay as still.

For love of wind, and sun, and dew,
That kissed your back of silver green;
For love of mountain, earth and heaven,
And all the world that throbb'd between!

For smiles remembered with a tear,
And words we lightly spoke that day;
And faces, seen so near, that since
Have faded from my life away.

I keep you—and I read your spell
With many a smile and many a sigh;
Such smiles as tremble unaware,
For e'en the weariest days gone by.

But *this* was bright, as days of old,
That dawned on green Arcadia's plain—
Such suns, once set, rise never more
Upon such lightsome hearts again!

And never fall the twilight shades
Upon our faces met so near;
And for that hour and its grace,
I hold the withered flower most dear.

As, musing on the hand that gave,
I see, with smiles that come and go,
The passion of the haughty face—
The dark eye's fitful violet glow!

Green moss, that spread a carpet once
For feet so weary by the way—
Tired with pleasure, followed far
Into the dying of the day—

I keep you with a tender dream
Of all that summer idyl knew—
For lips and eyes that smiled and shone,
For sun and starlight, wind and dew!

MINETTE.

THE HAPPY RETURN.

BY CHARLES H. WOODHULL.

In a minor capital in Germany, there were seated, some years ago, three persons, in a modestly furnished room, boasting of little beyond the mere necessities, yet scrupulously clean, and strangely relieved from more than mediocrity, by a large handsome piano-forte, which filled almost the fourth part of the room. Father, mother and daughter formed the trio.

"Again lost in thought, Anna. Have you no cheerful word for us, no music to drive away the dull hour? Will you be thus ever away from us in mind?"

Anna started at her father's words, repressed not the sigh that would come, but answered quickly—"Yes, father, I will play to you willingly;" and proceeding to the piano, she opened it and drew from it music that would, indeed, charm away heaviness of soul.

"Right, my dear daughter," said the father; "let our misunderstanding be drowned in the art which mutually binds us; but come here to my side, and let me hear the sweeter music of thy voice."

Anna again obeyed instantly, and placed her hands in her father's.

"See, child," he said, "you are our joy and our consolation. When a fire ruined our home, when illness succeeding it shattered my frame, and we were almost houseless, your genius and talent preserved us from despair. You, who had but worked at your own pleasure, became then the support of the family, and nobly you have sacrificed your time and health to us; but when an opportunity offers that you can so advantageously alter our position, why not do it? We have given you the required time for reflection—three months; there is but one fortnight wanting, and still you keep back. Why should we permit you ever to work for us?"

"Dearest father, let me do so, and keep my hand for him who has my heart. How can I marry Senator Bodlingen, if nothing but esteem for a respectable character lives in me for him? and how shall I drive my Edmund's picture from my soul, were I even to become the wife of another?"

"Your cousin Edmund has long forgotten you, Anna. He has now been gone more than eighteen months, and has not let us know by a line that he respects the half child's promise you made to each other. When he went we were in easy circumstances—no want oppressed us; but now matters are different, and who knows, were he even to return, whether he would not spurn the cousin who has to earn her parents' and her own bread. Meanwhile, a wealthy and respectable man offers you his hand, and you will not accept it."

"Father, urge me not longer," sobbed Anna; "I ever obeyed you—you who have educated me, taught me all I know—trained my mind—oh, but I cannot say yes now. The time fixed will soon have passed, and then I must take the step which must be inevitable before I can take it."

"Very well, my child, I will speak of it no more, but the thought haunts me, what is to become of us all if you continue obstinate. I am broken down, your mother is getting feeble with anxiety, your two younger sisters are unprovided for, and you are getting pale and thin with the daily routine of lesson giving. Do you know you work for five now?"

"And gladly, dearest father, would I always work for you all, if you would but let me, and not try to free me from cares by a marriage with the senator; look, father, I am stronger than you think," and she rose to her full height before him.

"My child, it is getting dark, I cannot see you; but you will break my heart if you do not soon let me have the certainty that, should anything happen to me, you would be all provided for."

"Father, I place my fate in your hands, and do but ask the fortnight that remains," replied Anna, with resignation.

Two merry voices were heard at the door; they were those of the two younger girls, who rushed into the room, calling in a breath—

"Father, Anna, Senator Bollingen is coming, and you are all in the dark here. Make haste! make haste! he followed us, as we returned from aunty's house, and told us that he was coming here, so we ran on to announce him."

"Courage, my child," gently said the mother, as she hastened to light the lamp and draw the blinds. "Will you not for a moment arrange your dress?"

"Oh, no, mother; Edmund would be satisfied to see me thus, and so shall the senator," said Anna, as she seated herself near the table with her work.

A slight knock was heard at the door of the room, and the father's "Come in" soon brought Senator Bodlingen within the circle of the little family. He was a tall, spare man, scrupulously dressed, with a high, unmeaning forehead and vacant eyes; you might have guessed his age to be about forty, although he was in reality but thirty-five. All rose to welcome him, and he was invited to occupy a place on the sofa, while Anna kept her chair.

"How much milder the weather has become!" he remarked; "we shall soon have Spring, and with it the bright side of nature."

"But Winter is a merry time," chimed the little girls, "and we in school are very sorry it will soon be over."

"Yes, but you little folks may not have to think that when it is over; a long time of patient expectation will have passed," said the senator.

"Ah! you mean you will expect sister Anna to marry you then?" said the youngest, a saucy girl of thirteen; "do not be sure; I dreamt last night that you were both before the altar, when suddenly a man with green spectacles bore her away, and you could not stir, but merely looked after her."

"Hush, hush, child!" both parents called out; "and that you may repent your rash speeches, you had better go to bed at once with your sister."

"Senator Bodlingen brings us no luck; so I shall never vote for him," cried the little girl, the tears starting to her eyes; and taking her sister by the hand, they disappeared behind a screen, which guarded the entrance to their alcove.

"Will you not play us some smart air, Fraulein Anna?" he asked.

"Not to-night; I am sorry, but you must excuse me."

"I have taken the liberty now," began the senator, "to call on you to-night, Herr and Madame Helmer and Fraulein Anna, to bring back to your memory the promise of nearly three months' standing; this day fortnight the time will have expired on which

we agreed; and, as you value your daughter highly, you may imagine how eagerly I look forward to the moment when I may call her mine; I have therefore to request you will be good enough to let the wedding-day be the very day after the term has expired. My house will be ready to receive its mistress. I require nothing but the charming person of my bride; and as the ceremony will be private and unostentatious, there will be few preparations to fatigue you." He spoke in a patronising manner, which exceedingly annoyed Anna and mortified her father, and suddenly recollecting that Madame Brent, who occupied the floor below, particularly wanted to see her, she hurried from the room, with a courtesy to the senator, and the words—"I leave all in my parents' hands."

"But, Fraulein Anna," he called, "I require your presence."

She was gone, and would not hear.

"You must pardon my daughter's timidity—she is young, and afraid to trust herself on such momentous subjects," said Herr Helmer.

"Yet I think a little more respect is due to her future husband," sentimentally remarked the senator, "but that will come when she has risen to her future station. Remember, Herr Helmer," he continued, "that from the day of our marriage, I pay you the yearly sum of four hundred dollars for maintenance."

"I trust, Senator Bodlingen, you do not think I sell my daughter; unless her free consent is given on that morning, the wedding cannot take place."

"No doubt—no doubt; but I should not thin your daughter estimated so little worldly advantages. The ceremony will take place at the new church, at eleven o'clock, and I shall be here punctually at ten, to find you, I trust, all in readiness. Business now being settled, I shall no longer intrude on your time, but bid you adieu till to-morrow fortnight, at ten o'clock in the morning."

And so he left the parents, but little satisfied that so self-important a man could make the lot of their own warm-hearted daughter a happy one.

The days sped on and on. Anna Helmer never rested from her duties; her lessons were given with the same punctuality, and any reference to the day of her marriage was carefully shunned. Should she really have to give her hand to the Senator, her white muslin dress should be sufficient ornament, and no other she would have bought; yet something, she imagined, told her that, before that day, Edmund would come.

Herr Helmer, an excellent musician, had been many years successful in his profession—that is, he had been able to cover the expenses of his family and save a little: his eldest daughter, Anna, who inherited her father's talent, he had himself educated with the greatest care, and the result rewarded him fully. Anna was so simple-minded a girl that her talent and beauty shone the brighter, and, as her heart had early been given to her cousin, the admiration she received on all sides could not make her worldly. Edmund, her cousin, the orphan of her mother's brother, although destined for the medical profession, had still cultivated music in a high degree—a thing not rare in Germany with young men of all professions—and while studying it with old Helmer, his cousin had gained entire possession of his heart. An old friend of his father's, a childless physician in the town, had adopted him

as his son, and there seemed every probability that the young people, when Edmund had commenced practice, would be united. Suddenly a letter came from Rio Janeiro, a place to which many Germans emigrate, that a distant relative of Edmund's father wished to know whether the son of one Mr. Thiemer was still living, and if so, that he was to repair thither on the instant, to be installed as future heir of his relative's property. The money, and further information, was to be had at a banker's in Hamburg.

Edmund's second father grieved to let his adopted son go, but could not so blind himself against the offered advantages as to retain him; so he gave his consent, and Edmund went to Helmer's to report the grand news, and say "Adieu." Old Helmer congratulated him warmly, Anna stammered and turned pale, but Edmund, with the truthful words of an open heart on his lips, went up to her and simply said:

"Anna, you must long have known that I loved you dearly, will you be true to me while I am gone?"

A quiet inclination of her beautiful head told all, and a tear fell on the hand which held her own.

"Father Helmer, will you consent?" asked Edmund.

"Yes, my dear boy, if you both remain in the same mind for one year. We have all been aware of your mutual affection, and I would place no obstacle in the way of so good a future son."

One kiss sealed their understanding, and it bound not two hearts filled with violent passions, but two firm loving souls, that could be separated from each other henceforward but by being torn asunder. The parents saw, however, not this deep undercurrent.

Edmund went and promised to write, but month after month fled and no letter came; six months after his departure old Helmer's house was burned down. It was his own property, and although but a modest place, the letting of the several floors, as is customary in Germany, had helped considerably to swell his income. In the smaller towns as yet few people insured their houses and effects, and when the fire had done its worst, old Helmer's property was gone. The anxieties of the night threw him into a violent fever, and when he recovered, he could no longer bear the exertion of giving eight or ten successive lessons. With the little money that had been saved some modest furniture was bought for a new home, and Anna at once coined support for the family from the art her father had taught her so lovingly and conscientiously. But six months later again found the father borne down with grief to see his beautiful daughter slave for the family's daily bread, the mother feeble, and Anna herself desponding at Edmund's silence.

Then it was that Senator Bodlingen, who but wanted a beautiful wife to grace his sumptuous home, disregarding the needy circumstances of the Helmers, asked Anna in marriage. He wanted no love; respect sufficed him, as his own happiness depended utterly on the formalities of the world, and his heart knew no warmer feelings; so magnificent a house wanted a graceful mistress, and in search of her he went. Anna at first firmly declined, but when many an anxious hour began to tell more and more on them all, her parents could not help representing to her Edmund's silence, and their circumstances, in a light which made her yield, by

little and little. Thus we found them, and now there remain but ten days of the term she had asked to be granted to her. Her father, whose soul was bound in hers, remarked from day to day her wan look, and his own health began to give way under the trial that worldly circumstances should oblige him to sacrifice his child. His memory became faulty; a low fever crept on him, and when but a week more was wanting he kept his bed for the first day. How Anna reproached herself; she might be the cause of her adored father's illness! She assumed a happy spirit she did not possess; and assured him, a hundred times in the day, she would forget Edmund, and try to be happy as the senator's grand wife. Each word only deepened the father's wound, and from day to day the disease increased. Edmund's second father, the old physician, was called in; he saw that mental anxiety was the root of the evil, but he could not alleviate it, for Edmund's silence was inexplicable to him also. Tenderly the old man was nursed by mother and daughter, the younger girls, who loved sister Anna, fondly obeying her every wish; but from day to day the illness increased, and at last was pronounced hopeless. Then Anna's grief broke forth loudly. She accused herself as her father's murderess, and would not stir from his side night or day; but listened with suspended breath to his wandering mind.

How sad a scene! No hope remained, and no relief appeared possible anywhere.

Senator Bodlingen, although told of old Helmer's dangerous illness, still insisted on the marriage day being kept, afraid he might lose his prize; but the unconscious sufferer knew not how his poor child's heart was torn by such selfishness from the man whom she at least believed she could respect.

Now the last day of respite has arrived; Anna, pale and trembling, with firmly compressed lips, sits near her father's bed, whose case admits of no hope. It is 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the physician has just called; his eye moistened when he laid his hand on the feeble pulse of the valued old friend, and could discern no life stream in it, and his tears even fell when Anna, in low wails, told him her woe.

Lose her father, and become the wife of one she could not love—for she thought the promise to her father bound her doubly now.

"Have mercy! Heavenly Father," was all she could stammer.

At nine o'clock the physician had promised to return, and so he did; still the same state, and he must now inform mother and daughter that Helmer could live but another day, and he would himself call on Senator Bodlingen to defer the wedding, and come again to bring the answer. He would watch with Anna through the night, as her mother ought to rest for a few hours, and Anna herself was almost exhausted. Away the good old friend went, leaving misery behind. The mother was prevailed on to lie down with the younger children, and Anna now left alone with her almost dying father.

There she sat in the old easy chair, her hands folded in her lap, her whole form given to grief; on the small round table near her the little lamp, with its green shade, the glasses, and the medicine, which she knew could not restore her father's broken spirit. He lay in still unconsciousness, scarcely giving a sign that life had not already fled. How long it was, whether minutes or hours she had sat there, she knew not, when she

heard the physician's low knock at the street door, but somewhat more tremulous even than before. She rose and opened it, instead of saying the customary "come in." The good man stood before her, and some indescribable emotion was spread over his countenance.

"Come, my child, courage," he said. "Senator Bodlingen will not put off the wedding, it is true, but I will try some last reserve corps to-morrow morning, and I have some idea he will yield, and you be allowed, at least to remain undisturbed with your dying father."

"God reward you for your kindness, dear doctor," said Anna; "he is the same, and has not moved since you left."

The physician approached the bed, laid his hand on his friend's brow, and said, slowly—

"Poor dear Helmer, hadst thou but held out another week all might have been well."

Anna heard not his words; then he turned to her—

"Anna, child, I have a dangerous patient in the next street, where I shall have to pass an hour or two; but, as I was loth to leave you alone, I asked one of my younger professional brethren to accompany me here, and stay with you. He is a quiet man, and you need not be afraid of him."

"As you must leave me, doctor, I had better remain alone."

"No, no, child, it would be too trying for you," and with these words he went out to fetch the other doctor as he said.

Anna heard soon after the steps of the two, and half thinking it must be a friend, as she seemed to know the step, she turned to the door, but an utter stranger presented himself. Tall, thin, with a little stoop in his walk, rather slovenly clothed, as if hurriedly put on, dark hair and green spectacles.

"But what a strange being!" thought Anna; "how disagreeable an appearance for a medical man!"

"My dear friend, Dr. Bude, will remain with you, Anna, and give you any assistance required. I will be here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and may God grant our invalid another day!"

He left, and the stranger gently drew a chair to the bedside, and taking a book from his pocket, he seemed not further to concern himself about Anna. Yet the moment she moved, he was on the alert, and anxious to save her the most trifling exertion for her father. Hour passed after hour; Anna knew that the day which was to seal her fate had dawned, and dread stole on her; her father had but gently sighed once or twice, yet after the last remedy, she fancied his countenance less rigid, and his skin moister, and with renewed hope she thought, "there is hope still." Her companion watched closely Helmer's countenance, and Anna fancied she detected a smile of intense satisfaction when the symptoms became more favorable. Morning came thus, and Anna now fairly wept; the stranger evidently inclined to hasten up to her, but on second thought remained on his seat. Anna's mother appeared at seven o'clock; the presence of the doctor was explained to her, and when she had heard gladly the better report of the patient, she beckoned Anna aside.

"My child! my child! prepare yourself for this solemn day!"

"No, mother, I cannot yet; our friend has promised to be here at nine o'clock, and till he has been I shall wait. When he says it is

time, I shall go and forget that I ever thought I could be happy."

"Dearest Anna, bear our misfortune meekly." And mother and daughter wept bitterly.

Old Helmer seemed to be in a sound sleep, the doctor watching him attentively. Anna had arranged her toilet a little, taken some refreshment, which was declined by the stranger, and again occupied her seat near her father's bed, when the old physician entered the room with the stroke of nine.

He looked at Anna, at his friend, and then at his patient, pronounced him rather better, but still ebbing away in strength; and then sat also down by his side, with the watch in his hand.

Thus they all sat for an anxious half hour and more, when Helmer opened his eyes and turned them slowly on those who surrounded his bed; a smile spread over his pale, thin face, and his eye at last rested on Anna.

"Look at your father, Anna," said the old physician.

She started and uttered a low exclamation of joy.

"You know me, father; I feel it; you have recognized your child again!" she called out, and threw herself on his bed.

"My child, my child!" muttered the old man; "not yet, you are gone—still with your old father, you faithful heart! Your mother?" he asked.

Poor Mrs. Helmer now hurried to the bedside, and put her hand in her husband's, too much moved to speak. Helmer saw his old friend the physician and smiled on him in gratitude, being too weak to say more. The clock now pointed to five minutes to ten; a carriage was heard to drive up, Anna recollected herself, she, and all seemed to have forgotten Senator Bodlingen and her wedding day; she heaved a sigh, a sob followed, and she would have fallen had not the arms of the strange doctor caught her. That moment a knock at the door was heard, and the Senator appeared in full dress with the words:

"I have come punctually to time." But seeing Anna in the arms of a stranger, surrounded by her mother and the physician, he started back, exclaiming:

"What is the matter? My bride not ready?"

The physician had hastily used some remedy to revive Anna, and when she at last opened her eyes, he called to her, "Anna, Anna, look around you, you are among friends." Anna raised her eyes to her protector, the green spectacles were gone, the black hair disappeared, and there beamed on her her Cousin Edmund's loving face.

"Anna, my beloved," were the only words he could bring forth.

"Edmund, you have come at last," was the reply, and tears choked poor Anna's voice.

The little girls, who had stood by in amazement, now hurried up to their sister, and the younger whispered to her—

"The man with the green spectacles that bore you away in my dream, dearest Anna!"

"Hush! hush! little one," said the physician, and then turning to Senator Bodlingen, he said—

"You, sir, would last night not relent, when this child prayed to remain a little longer with her dying father. See now your reward. Anna has her father's leave to give her consent or not, and the Almighty has restored him to consciousness this very hour, that his word may still protect his child."

Old Helmer almost struggled to raise himself, but his wife hastened gently to support him; he beckoned Anna and Edmund toward him; they obeyed; and, placing their hands together, he muttered a blessing on them.

Senator Bodlingen, now drawing himself up to his usual self-importance, replied—

"I absolve Fraulien Anna from her promise. My wife must respect me more than to change so suddenly, and there may be more young ladies in this town who will prize the value of my hand." So he withdrew with his wonted stately manner.

That evening Anna's father breathed quietly his last, having fully understood that Edmund had gained wealth enough to free his bride's family from future cares. Edmund had written twice, but both letters had been lost in the shipwreck of their ships; on his arrival in the Brazils, he found his relative dangerously ill with the yellow fever; he did not survive, but left Edmund his fortune and his disease. Some weary months the poor young man dragged on in illness, and then hastened home to claim his cousin at once. At ten o'clock the night before, he reached his second father's house, who, overjoyed, would have it his own way to make him known to Anna.

From the Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.
THE OPERA AT STOCKHOLM.

It was in the summer of 1866, during the first Universal Scandinavian Exhibition of Art and Science, that we first became acquainted with the Institution whence the celebrated Jenny Lind sprang; the Royal Swedish Operahouse, Stockholm. Remembering that fair vocal phenomenon of the North, who, in the fourth decennium of the present century, succeeded in filling with her fame both the Old and New World, our expectations were rather high, higher, indeed, than could be satisfied by the company and orchestra of the said Institution at the period in question.

The Theatre Royal—situated on the west side of the Gustavus Adolphus Square, opposite the palace of the Crown Prince, and only a few paces from the granite bridge, through the arches of which the Mœlar pours its waters into the Baltic—was erected by Gustavus III., who met his death within its walls at the hands of Ankerström. Its position is so beautiful that even that of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, is nothing in comparison. The interior of the building, both stage and audience part, must be called small compared to its outward dimensions, though it is high enough to allow of four tiers. In this respect it resembles our own Theatre Royal, though the outer walls of the latter exhibit a still more striking want of proportion to the part of the house devoted to dramatic purposes. The acoustical qualities of the Stockholm Theatre are, however, excellent, and much more favorable both for music and spoken dialogue than the Berliners can boast either of their two Royal Theatres to be.

At the time of our visit there were some perceptible gaps in the company of the Royal Swedish Opera. *Tout comme chez nous*. Attached to the Berlin Operahouse at the present moment is the most numerous, and, on the whole, most admirable company in all Germany, and yet it is deficient in the representatives of many kinds of vocalism, such, for instance, as a thoroughly well-